

JEAN-DOMINIQUE
INGRÈS

MASTER · OF · PURÉ
DRAWNTSMANSHIP

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M.S.



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JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867



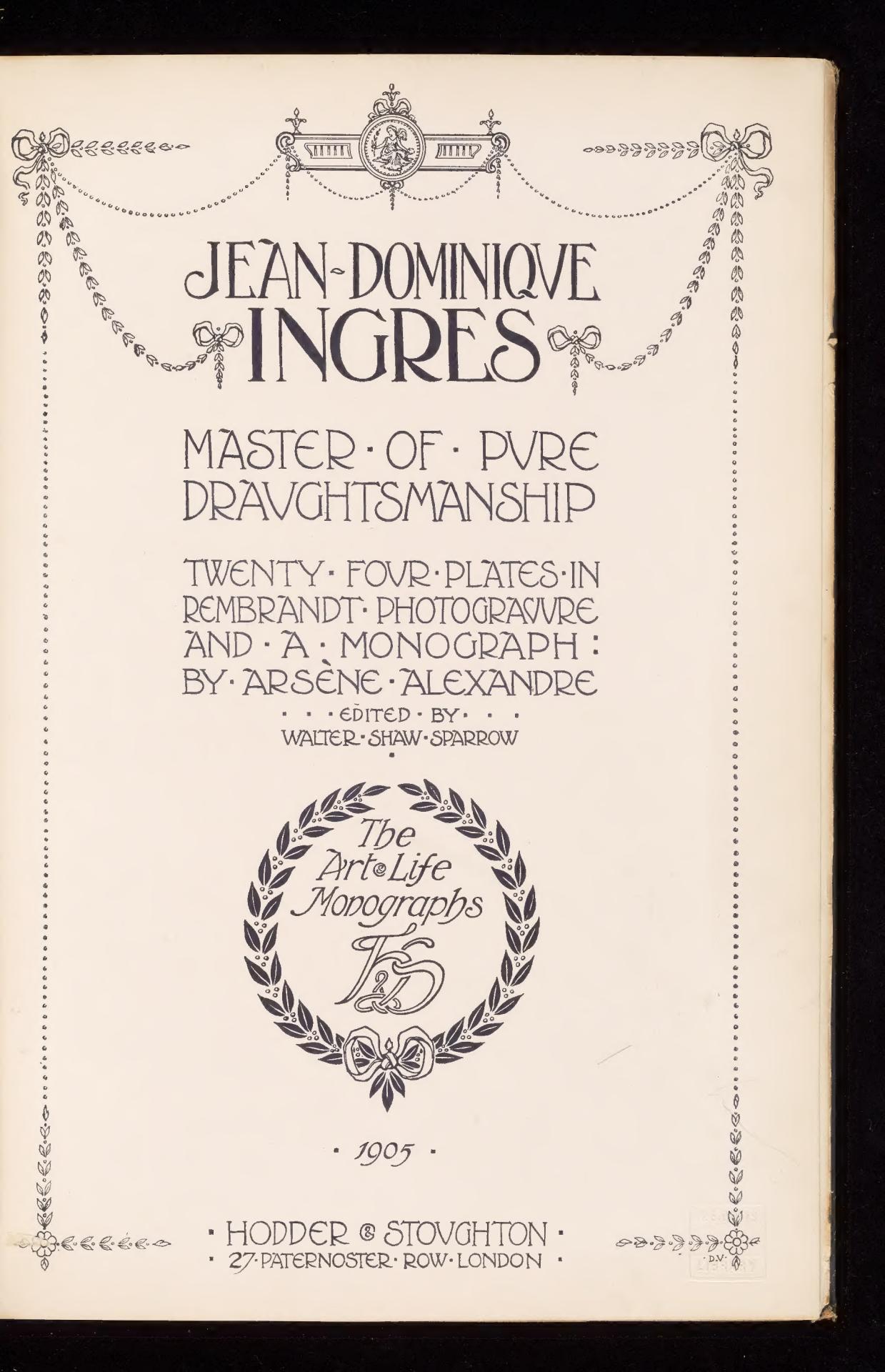
AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE LOUVRE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO.

PORTRAIT OF JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Dated 1835

PLATE I

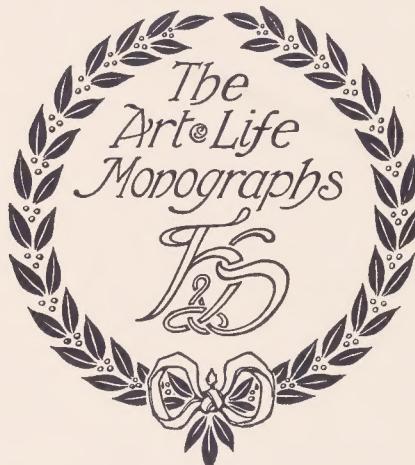


JEAN-DOMINIQUE INGRES

MASTER OF PURE DRAWING-MAINSHIP

TWENTY-FOUR PLATES IN
REMBRANDT PHOTOGRAPHY
AND A MONOGRAPH:
BY ARSENE ALEXANDRE

EDITED BY
WALTER SHAW SPARROW



1905

HODDER & STOUGHTON
27 PATERNOSTER ROW LONDON



PRINTED AND BOUND BY
PERCY LUND, HUMPHRIES & CO., LTD.,
THE COUNTRY PRESS, BRADFORD;
AND 8, AMEN CORNER, LONDON, E.C.



DEDICATED
TO
PROFESSOR A. LEGROS

IN MEMORY OF THE GREAT INFLUENCE
EXERCISED IN ENGLAND BY HIS TEACHING
AND BY HIS PICTURES
AND ETCHINGS.

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JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE MUSÉE DE NANTES

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MADAME DE SENONNES

Painted in 1812

PLATE, 2

EDITOR'S NOTE

N the subject of this book, in the work of Ingres, we meet with a man who is something more than a fine draughtsman and a sincere realist ; he is a master of style, and his work runs pleasantly counter to that fretful striving after originality which characterizes so many things of art in the present day. By virtue of his qualities he belongs to a tiny group of men of genius who in the last hundred years have built up their reputation on a strong foundation of knowledge and patience and care, without showing the least hurry, and without ever trimming their points of view to meet the requirements of a fashion in taste, being guided always by a passionate belief in thoroughness.

If anyone were asked to express in a few words the chief and distinguishing difference between the present and the past in all that appertains to literature and art, he could not do more than say that, while the present shows too much stress and strain of nerve, and too much self-consciousness in outlook, the past in its creative efforts is likely to give us an impression of granite or of marble. When looked at from this standpoint, Ingres belongs wholly to the strong, building past. His art has the repose and the royal ease of power of Greek sculpture ; and it reveals the master himself as a man with a will so strong that he had never cause to assert his self-control in a nervous or a flurried manner. The changing tides of art's wayward fashions have many fluctuations of taste with which to surprise the world ; but, whatever they may bring, the genius of Ingres will last, just as the poetry of Milton will endure when not one person in a hundred millions will believe precisely what Milton himself believed in the subject-matter of the "Paradise Lost."

Thirty years ago, or thereabouts, when Realism and Impressionism began to be revived and renewed in France, the arbiters of taste gathered about the tomb of Ingres and concocted for him an epitaph very far from just and true ; it decreed that he was dead in art, that his work was no longer of any service to the world, that his example had passed for all time into the limbo where perished things are soon forgotten. Well, those arbiters of taste have themselves faded out of being, while Ingres not only lives on, but regains, little by little, his old-time prestige. And it is noteworthy in this connection that his

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most faithful devotees to-day are either critics of very different outlooks, like M. Léonce Bénédite and Mr. Laurence Binyon, or else painters of world-wide repute who in their own work have little in common, like M. Degas and Professor Legros. When an artist's work is able thus to be a bond of union between experts of diverse taste, we may be sure that it is ceasing to be misunderstood, and that it will win for itself an ever-widening circle of admirers.

It was long customary to look upon Ingres as a "classic" painter, "a Chinaman lost in Athens," a very French *bourgeois* with a passion for the ancient Greeks; and even to-day he has admirers who do not perceive that his classic tendencies form only a few of the many attractive ways in which his realism appeals to us. For Ingres is, beyond all doubt, a sterling realist, always unobtrusive, always self-assured; and often he is very homely and persuasive, as he is invariably in his marvellous portraits. No man has given us more successfully in portraits the familiar types of an age, types chosen with sympathy and by affection, and not by that commercial instinct which enables so many portrait painters to accept whatever commissions may be offered them. Ingres drew and painted his personal friends, the people who had been good to him during his long years of struggle, or the musicians for whom he had a great admiration; and because he studied women and men with true affection, his realism came from the heart, and was often as intimately confidential as home-talk by the fireside. There is nothing quite akin to it in the portraiture belonging to any other time or country.

But the art itself will reveal its own merits, and it is hoped that the large photogravures in this book, showing examples of the work produced during the best years of the artist's life, will be thought sufficiently representative for a first series. It is always difficult to obtain photographs that do justice to delicate drawings and to large paintings, but every plate in this book is reproduced with the greatest care from the best photographs to be procured at the present time. They were supplied by the best houses in Paris, Messrs. Braun, Clément & Co., Messrs. Neurdein, M. Giraudon & M. Bulloz.

The Title Page and the Cover were designed by Mr. David Veazey.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

INTRODUCTION. WRITTEN BY ARSÈNE
ALEXANDRE, DONE INTO ENGLISH BY
WILFRID SPARROY



FEW years ago, I had the honour of taking a Trustee of the National Gallery, London, to see in Paris a French painter who ranks among the most admired for his talent, and among the most famous for his witticisms. Why should I not call him by his name if this definition has not already given the clue to his identity? Why not, indeed, since it would be impossible for the initiated not to know to whom I am referring, when I add that this great artist has gathered around him, with a passion and a keenness of discernment all his own, a collection of genuine masterpieces of the nineteenth century? Notable among them are those of the two irreconcilables, Ingres and Delacroix, who, not only in this painter's own house, but in every museum of the world as well, are nevertheless getting on capitally together nowadays.

Well, yes, then, it was to pay M. Degas a visit that I had the happiness of escorting this Trustee, whom there is no need for me to designate in any other way than by saying that he is a man of exquisite courtesy and of consummate taste. Monsieur Degas gave him the heartiest of welcomes, for this ogre by repute is in reality a perfect gentleman. Among the quite recent acquisitions wherewith he had lately added lustre to his museum were two admirable portraits by Ingres of *Monsieur* and of *Madame Leblanc*. The visitor appreciated them as they deserved; only his face, it must be thought, expressed something more than this good opinion, for M. Degas said suddenly, with an energy tempered by his urbane manners and his easy tone of sarcasm :

“And understand clearly, sir, that these two portraits will never cross the Channel.”

My companion smiled. Did this challenge, perhaps, give the answer to some secret thought of his, and, who can tell, to some vague project in his mind? Certain it is, at any rate, that M. Degas meant only to keep faith with himself, for he was thinking of his dream of bequeathing to his country the museum he has hoarded. But, for my own part, I must say that I have often thought of his words with feelings of some complexity, not unmixed with regret.

JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Assuredly, whether it be precisely these two portraits or many other works of Ingres that "cross the Channel," I declare that I for one shall be very proud of it and very happy. Just as it is a delight to me when I see, in the very heart of London, that admirable colony of the French art of the eighteenth century, represented by the Watteaus in the Wallace Collection, so also would it be a joy to me, when I go to the National Gallery, to come across some really first-rate pieces by Ingres. In the matter of art, a country, I hold, has no right to keep all its treasures for itself alone. It ought rather to export them with a generous hand. It has everything to gain in prestige by doing so, and its creative ideas are spread abroad by means of the marvellous missionaries that the great artists are. And it is for no other reason that I am delighted to see at the Louvre a few paintings here and there of the English School, and that I am sorry there are not more of them and better ones too.

Now, Ingres more than any one else, is a glory of the French School that has not crossed the Channel often enough. He is quite the reverse of well-known in England, and for a good reason. While a true notion of Delacroix can be formed there by his *Marino Faliero*, there is nothing, in the case of Ingres, to match that painting.

Fortunately, however, a thing has happened at this present moment which has pleased me beyond measure: I allude to the fact that the painter of the *Apotheosis of Homer* is even now crossing the Channel, thanks to the happy idea that originated the present book. And I am as proud to have been invited to accompany Ingres among the British public as I was to take an Englishman of great distinction over an important collection of the artist's works.

A singularly lofty conception of art is indicated by the very idea of the present work, and that at a time when, by an odd contradiction, we are getting to admire Ingres more and more, whilst becoming less and less influenced by his mind and art. At that rate the more we had come to admire Ingres, the quicker we should end in not knowing or understanding him at all. And it is for this reason that books like this one are seasonable. The draughtsmanship of Ingres is at once so delicate and so virile, that every trained eye must appreciate it at a glance; but I hope it will be allowed to one who has given a great deal of study to this great figure to write a few lines on

JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867



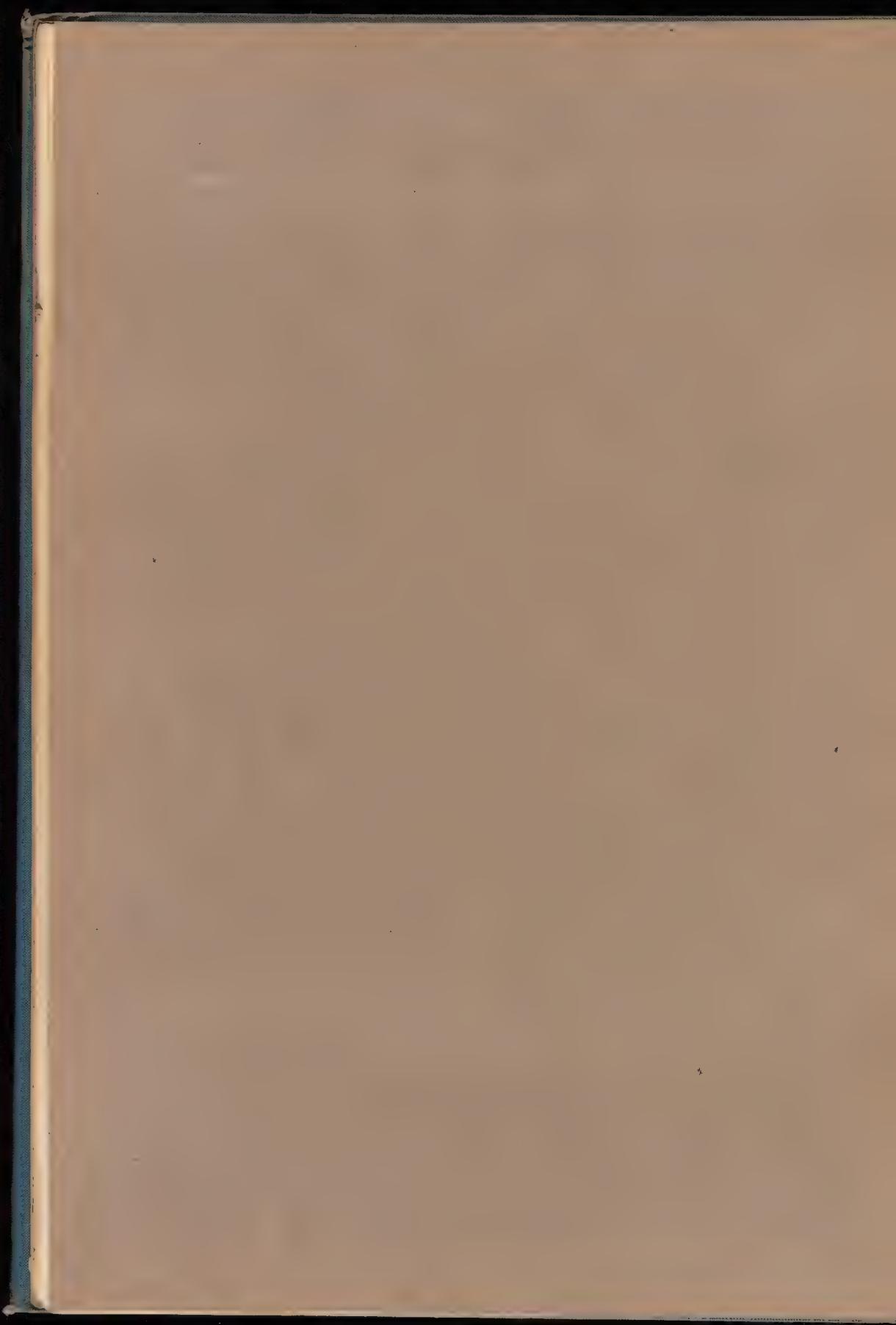
AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE LOUVRE

THE PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO

PORTRAIT OF MADAME DESTOUCHÉ

Dated 1816

PLATE 3



INTRODUCTION

the man himself, and to expound both his character and his ideal by each and one another.

I said just now that Ingres was unappreciated, or was growing to be so. Has he ever been properly understood even with us, in France, where we are always in danger of looking at things in a "moderate" light and of appraising our great men from a petty point of view?

Yes, even in his native country, Ingres has always been regarded, and even with the most respectful intentions, as a *bourgeois*, let us add as a great *bourgeois*, if you like, as a superior *bourgeois*; whereas, in point of fact, his is a lyric, an epic figure, whose genius it is time for us to recognise and acknowledge in all its majestic range.

And now let us examine the question quite simply, and as far as possible with the same clearness and the same force that Ingres has infused into his portraits in lead pencil. Ingres was born in a town of the South where everything is as one could well desire for kindling a passion for line and light and rhythm. Montauban is a much less superficial town than Toulouse: men's minds seem more concentrated there, and the silhouette of the city itself is more picturesque, more pronounced and stern. Its people have every appearance of taking things more seriously than they do at Toulouse and with greater eagerness. But, at the same time, it is a place where the genius of the South, all compact of distinctness and harmony and the horror of fever and gloom, is manifested with a deep desire to realize itself.

Now when Montauban gave birth to Jean Dominique Ingres, it produced a type that was in these respects the most complete embodiment of its own temperament and aspirations. First and foremost, then, Ingres is, in a remarkable degree, a thoroughbred child of his race.

If you consider the portrait he painted of himself in his youth, you will see that he has a fiery and serious personality of his own which certainly affords no matter for ridicule; and by and by we shall have to inquire if, in his old age, this ridicule was more justified. That powerful face of his has in it something suggestive of the Arab. Of rare beauty, it is lit up by a pair of splendid eyes, opening wide upon life in a free and headstrong manner. It is replete with a quite unusual strength of will, and from the combination of vigour and subtlety which is its characteristic, we guess that this man's mind was

JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

not given to frivolity, but was capable of great things, and framed to take life in dead earnest. Alike in its regular cast of features and in its highly-strung expression, it reminds us of the faces which Bronzino delighted to paint. Florence would have paid especial attention to this great character, and Raphael would have been drawn sympathetically to him. This twofold idea of Florence and Raphael is of my own choosing, but it is one that forces itself upon the mind : closely blended in this portrait there is at once the double spell of that city which had made upon Ingres an early impression of singular strength (although he was constrained to repudiate this first love of his later on), and also of that master of the brush whom he fancied he took as his model and his god.

The youth of Ingres was earnest, enthusiastic, and gloomy, as his childhood had been full of brightness and high spirits. He was the son of an artist, or at any rate of a man who was a fine judge of the art he loved. The boy was not less gifted for music than for painting, and his precociousness was crowned with success. From his earliest childhood, indeed, his feeling for the beautiful was to him a true religion. We have thought it our duty to make fun of the passion that Ingres had for music, and by the exercise of a peculiar faculty of our intelligence (or of our lack of this quality rather), we have come at last to turn "the fiddle of Ingres" into a sort of proverbial symbol for the hobby of any remarkable man who cherishes a secret fancy for an art other than his own, for which he has no talent. So far from this being true of Ingres, I am convinced that he was a musician of the first rank, and that those who have judged him had no notion of what they were talking about. Cherubini's friendship for him ought, however, to make the sceptics prick up their ears. The conviction I feel that our master had musical powers in an eminent degree, is based on a special study of the things he played, as well as on the way in which he talked about them. But I have no space now to take a part in this curious discussion. The only reason I have for insisting on the point here, is that I see, in the painter's decided taste for the art of music, yet another instance, and that an essential one, of his lyric nature.

For it was with a deliberate exaltation that he gave himself up, heart and soul, to the company and the quest of the beautiful : and this lyric note, as I call it, rings out gloriously in the days of his youth and apprenticeship. At that time, certainly, Ingres is really

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superb. How moved, how terrified almost, have we not been by the heat with which he pursued his dream, in the midst of the most sordid poverty ? A laureate of Rome, he was obliged to remain in Paris, because at that particular moment the State was not able to pay his pension ; yet he was as unconcerned about this as he was about everything else, save his work alone, and then and there he laid the foundations of it. By one of the rarest and most exemplary of phenomena, he took in hand paintings which he did not finish nor allow to be seen till forty years after ! When he was on the point of setting out for Italy, being even then the poorest of the poor, he found an opportunity of making a profitable marriage, and one which also appealed to his heart ; but his fiancée said a few words which "ran counter to his ideas on painting," and he broke off the engagement ! At Florence and in Rome, though he grew more pinched for money than ever, his fiery industry never flagged. Théophile Gautier, in one of the most unjust works ever published about him (and for that very reason one of the most interesting, for all the criticisms it contains have been the means of our remarking beauties which otherwise might perhaps have passed unnoticed), taunts Ingres with not having been alive at that time to the crises and trials through which his country was passing, and for having, as he expressed it, "lost the character of a Frenchman," by being so absorbed by his *Venus Anadyomene*, or other works of the kind. Why, that is precisely where he is so admirable. A pretty plight we should be in, and so also would Ingres, if he had meddled with politics ! How could he be stirred by his country's misfortunes, considering he was blind to those of his own ? Would a voter or a babbler have achieved the same piece of work as the painter ? And did he live and labour, yes or no, for his own times or for posterity ?

Are you beginning to see how noble, masterful, vigorous, wild and free is the character of this man ? Or, do you still feel that you are face to face with a person of a comical individuality ? Ah, were we to carry the analysis further still, and turn over the leaves of his drawings and manuscripts, where, by the side of a studied finish of form, outlined with marvellous precision, he laid aside his brush in order to scribble feverishly, in a hand that betrays his emotion, some cry of doubt, of anger, or of faith ! If we saw in detail all this work of a brain that never thought in pale abstractions, but in vivid forms

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and combinations of lines, we should end in being convinced that we are now in the company of one of the purest and most beautiful artistic temperaments that ever breathed.

When this shall have been fully realized, when many and many an artist and thinker shall have performed that pilgrimage to Montauban which a certain number of far-seeing or ardent spirits have already attempted, and when such books as the present one shall have been thoroughly studied and pondered over, then and not till then will the mere farces and injustices, the inadequate or too cautious appreciations have an end, and the greatness of this man and the loftiness of his artistic ideal be seen to burst forth in all their completeness.

How just and wise it has been to take as the ground idea of this book the unfolding, by selected and classified examples, of that saying of Ingres which has been so much discussed and which still remains so sound : "Drawing stands for honesty in art." If the word "drawing" be taken in the sense of the observation and love and evolving of form, this saying becomes at once one of the wisest and one of the vastest that have ever been uttered on the subject of art. The Greeks would have been forced to invent it in words if they had not given an external example of it in deeds.

In this respect the poets, oddly enough, have best understood the ideal of Ingres, and that at a time when the artists—that is to say, the very persons who ought to be the most susceptible to the realization of a plastic ideal—have breathed into the ear of the art critic any amount of silly nonsense in this regard ! Among others, Theophile Silvestre, in his spiteful and mean-spirited portrait of Ingres, a portrait unworthy of a book containing in other directions so many excellent things, casts it in our master's teeth that he has never "put a single idea into his works, nor a soul into his portraits, and that he has failed to understand that art ought to be above all things human."

Nothing could be more guarded or vague than these last words, which are nothing more nor less than a critic's twaddle. Now hear what Théophile Gautier says in reply to this vapid taunt. "Why, it is in those very things," bursts out the poet, victoriously, "that his superior genius flashes forth. Art is not the means, it is the aim, and of a loftier one than his we have no example. Any poet, sculptor, or painter, who lends his pen, his chisel, or his brush to the service of any

JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Died 1867

Born 1780



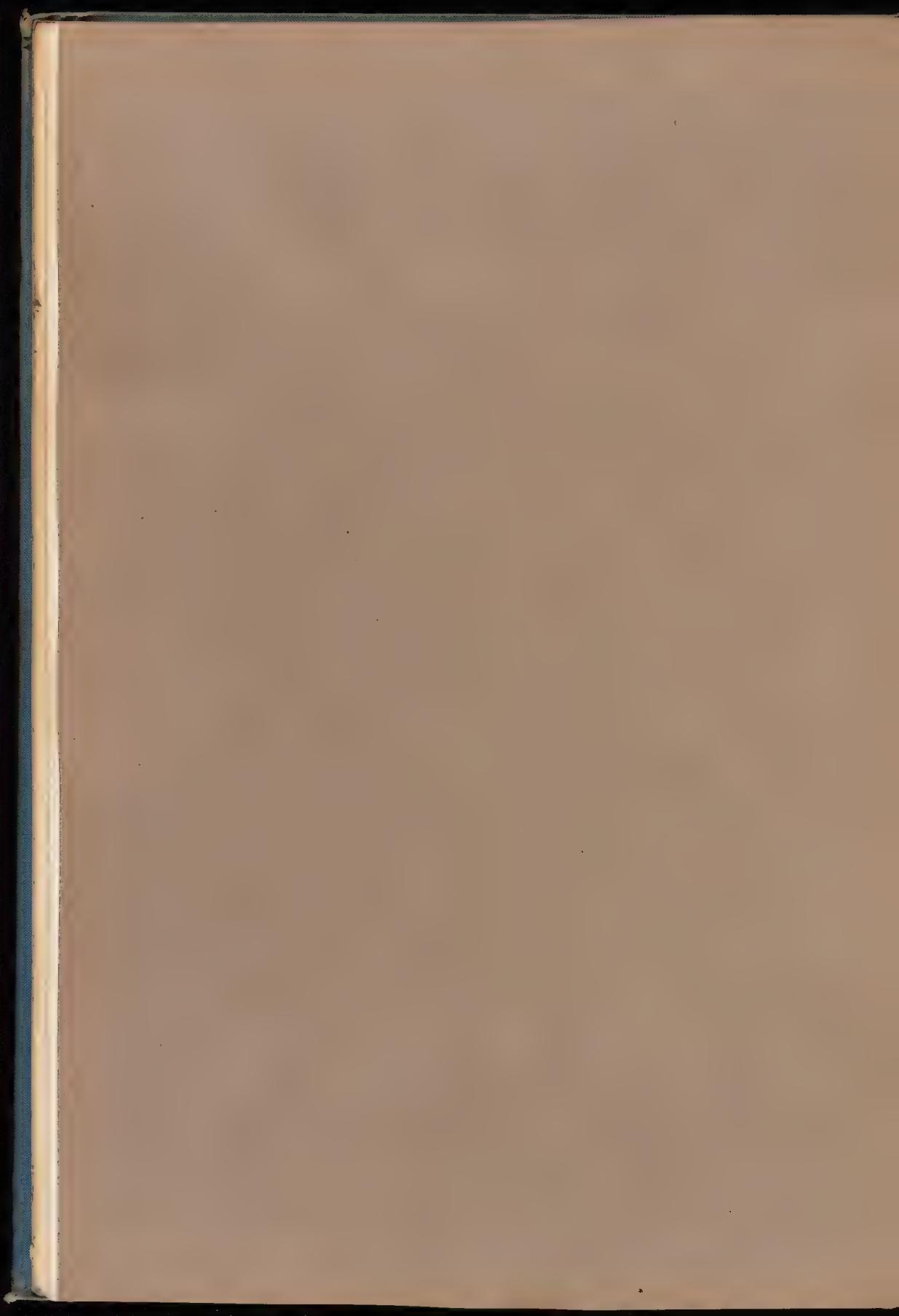
AFTER AN ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE LOUVRE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN CLEMENT & CO, PARIS

THE APOTHEOSIS OF HOMER

Painted in 1827

PLATE 4



INTRODUCTION

kind of system whatsoever, may be a statesman, a moralist, a philosopher, but we shall be extremely suspicious of his verses, his pictures, or his statues. He has not grasped the fact that the beautiful is above every other concept."

Although Théophile Gautier ranks among the leaders of the romantic movement, it is not, strictly speaking, surprising, that the poet whose works are an evidence of his mastery over purity of form and richness of colour, should have a fellow-feeling for Ingres in his tireless quest of the beautiful. But we have another testimony more singular still, as emanating from another poet who, though not less taken with contour, was even more pledged to the romantic conception of art, and above all sworn to the task of extolling the gifts which were directly opposed to those which Ingres had at heart : I allude to Baudelaire, who, more warmly and more eloquently than any of his contemporaries, sang in praise and in defence of Delacroix. Perhaps this instance is even less well-known or, let us say, still more forgotten. In one of his Salons, Baudelaire spoke of Ingres, if not with enthusiasm, at least with great impartiality and an admirable propriety of expression, giving utterance among other things to this striking saying, that Ingres had "recalled the French to the love of heroism." Isn't that a true off-set to that travestied conception of our artist as a sort of narrow-minded *bourgeois*? He also added that "nobody could deny the vigour of M. Ingres," and then in the endeavour to define the painter's ideal, he went on to say, that "he was commingled out of healthiness and serenity, a serenity which in its suggestion of unconcern, was somewhat akin to the ideal of the ancients, with this difference, that he had added the peculiarities and minutiae of modern art." And he also wrote this interesting remark : "M. Ingres chooses his models, and it must be admitted that he chooses with marvellous tact the very ones which are best suited to his special kind of talent. Beautiful women, bountiful natures, serene people in beaming health, were his triumph and his delight."

To write such lines as these, which posterity has endorsed now that the squabble of the rival schools are over and forgotten, was a great merit on the part of the apologist who had written of Delacroix in a strain of such enlightened fervour. There were strange misapprehensions in those days, but they have passed away quite naturally before the force of things.

JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

But, perhaps, the most pointed instance of these mistaken judgments, and also of the way in which they might all have been cleared up, comes, believe it or not, from no less a person than the illustrious and forcible rival of Ingres : and nothing is more curious than a saying of Delacroix which I mean to quote again. It is a matter of common knowledge, without my having need to recall it, how well these two men were made to understand each other, and yet how little they were in sympathy, and also how bitter and how blind they were in their sayings and opinions of each other. Now, in his private note books, in 1855, Delacroix wrote down this remark on the subject of his visit to the great exhibition which M. Ingres had organized of his principal works : "In this exhibition the ridiculous is to a great extent predominant. Here we have the complete expression of an incomplete intelligence. Effort and affectation are everywhere apparent. Nowhere is there a spark of naturalness to be found."

However, a strange thing, a few days later, Delacroix went again to the exhibition, and with the same frankness this is what he notes : "The exhibition of Ingres appeared different to me than the first time, and I am now thankful to him for his many good qualities." What a pity it is that some comment did not accompany this second impression. But the main thing is that he changed his mind, and let us be satisfied with that. Posterity, too, like Delacroix, "has looked more closely," and to us also the work of Ingres has "a different look," and neither are we less grateful to him for the splendid qualities which he has infused into his paintings. This he achieved with a tenacity of purpose that was taken for narrow-mindedness, a pursuit of serenity that was taken for coldness, and a faith in the beautiful that was taken for academism. Such is the morality of this fantastic battle of romanticism, in which Ingres was defended by the very man who was the most romantic of the poets, in which Delacroix had a warm admiration for the classical tragedies, and detested the verses of Victor Hugo and the music of Berlioz, and in which the votaries fought with such fine frenzy, that they sometimes belaboured the men on their own side.

For Ingres himself, who was counted by the younger generations as the representative of the academic spirit and of hackneyed traditions, had remained a rebel ignorant of his own powers. As such, to be sure, he had been held by the school of

INTRODUCTION

David, and his early paintings had gained for him the contemptuous epithet of "Gothic!"

After all, these quarrels, like all disputes of rival schools, are amusing to recall ; but they die away long before the works that have any right to live at all, no matter what may be the flag under which they have been produced. These squabbles are, as it were, the pepper and salt of art. They are the seasoning, the humorous and picturesque side of evolution, and the stimulus to production. But as time recedes the fabrics rise in height, the great figures grow bigger, and the witty sayings turn into mere empty nonsense. Ah ! how careful we should be not to air our wit when face to face with works of art !

Fortunately, the time is now come when we are by way of understanding the nobility and greatness of this "*bourgeois*," who has been the butt of so many gibing tongues. In the future no man of feeling who has a love of the beautiful will approach the study of the life and works of Ingres without the liveliest admiration and respect. People scoffed when he said : "I have bequeathed to my country all the works of art I possess (and we must add a great number of precious drawings and paintings of himself) for the purpose of enabling it, at my death, to form a miniature museum where people will come and speak of me and of my productions." But this prophecy has now been fulfilled : indeed, its realization (pardon the bull) is only now beginning.

Humanity never fails to reward those who have put their faith in perfection. Ingres is one of those wise men in the realm of art. His work stands for a faith that nothing can shake, for a zeal that no difficulty can dishearten. To see a man so immeasurably gifted that he was able to paint with a dash that disconcerted even those who could work with ease themselves, and who yet kept his pictures on the easel for many a long year, until they had at last reached the pitch of perfection that satisfied his magnificent *honesty*—isn't that a sight worthy of our admiration ?

Can we regard as a narrow-minded man, as a mere weaver of trivial minutiae, the master whose teaching was rooted in such counsels as the following ? "Don't make it a point to draw, one by one and in succession, the head of a figure, and then the torso, and then the arms, and so forth. If you did you would be bound to fail in reproducing the harmony of the whole effect. Rather set yourself to fix the relative

JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

proportions existing between the several parts, and to gain the mastery over the life and motion. And in giving expression to this action, don't be afraid of exaggeration. What you have to fear is lukewarmness." Or again : "Get a clear notion as to the variety and the contrast of the lines : it is the only way of catching the exact shape of a thing. Lay stress on the most striking features of the model ; express them strongly ; nay, accentuate them, if needs be, to the point of caricature ; I say caricature the better to emphasize the importance of a principle so true." Last of all, this exquisite remark which strikes me as being not less true and deep and graceful than one of the little poems of the Grecian anthology : "The lines are often broken in the human face to be woven together again and intertwined, as who should say the osiers out of which a basket is made."

But we should never have done if we were to try to collect in a single sheaf all the beauties to be found in the character and teaching and works of Ingres. And this sheaf is precisely the present book. As for this preface, it is nothing but a modest and unpretentious posy culled in this vast domain when out for a ramble, that we always take again with fresh pleasure because we discern always new beauties in our path.

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE.

JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Died 1867

Born 1780



AFTER AN ORIGINAL OIL-PAINTING IN THE LOUVRE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMÉNT & CO PARIS

L'ODALISQUE COUCHÉE

Dated 1814

PLATE 5



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867

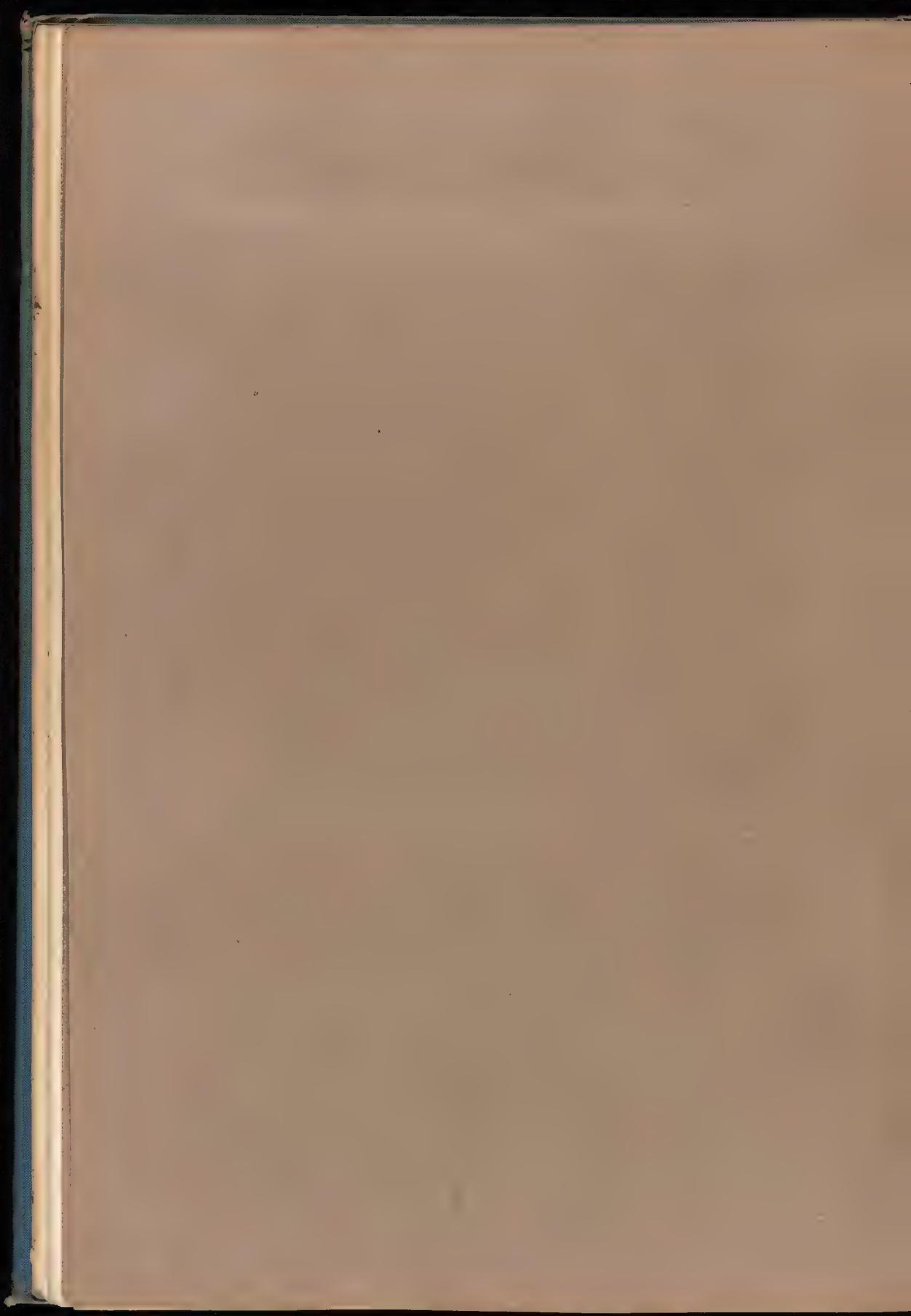


AFTER AN ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE BRUSSELS GALLERY

FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY M. DELOEUL, BRUSSELS

VIRGIL READING THE *ÆNEID*

Painted in 1815



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRÉS

Born 1780

Died 1867

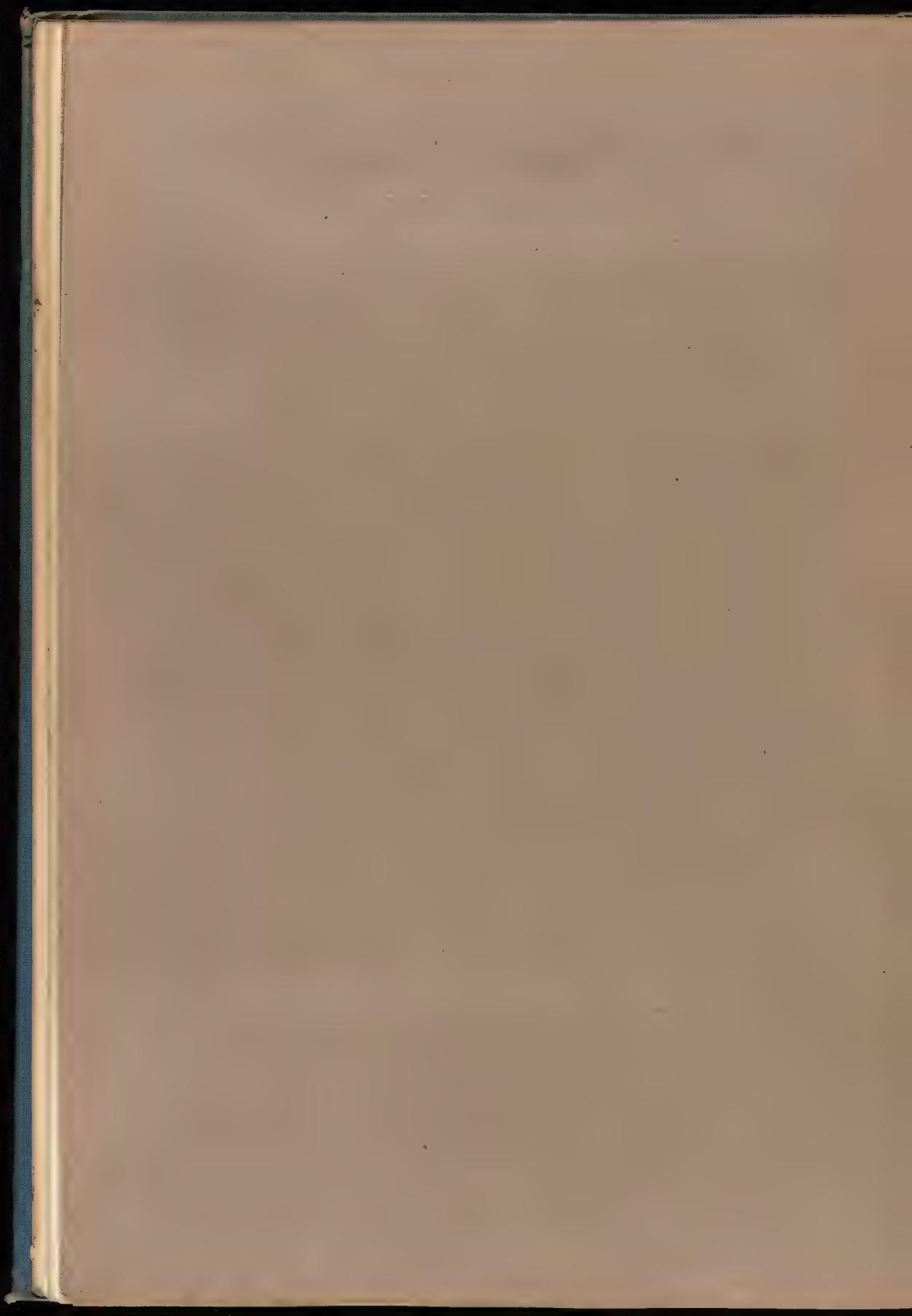


AFTER AN ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE CATHEDRAL OF MONTAUBAN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., PARIS

THE VOW OF LOUIS XIII.

Painted in 1822-23

PLATE 7



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867

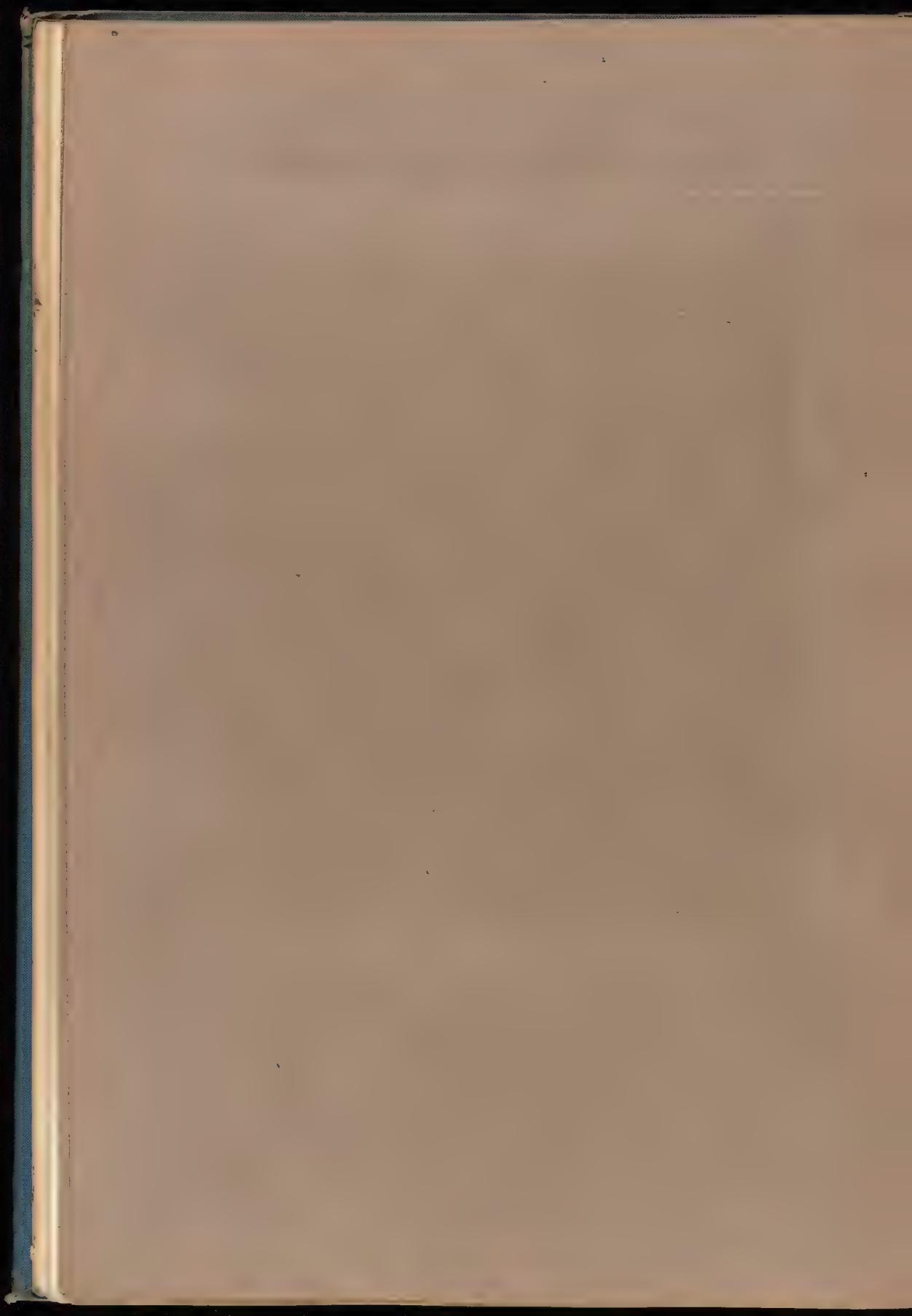


AFTER THE ORIGINAL SKETCHES IN OIL-COLOURS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., PARIS

STUDIES FROM THE LIFE

PLATE 8



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867

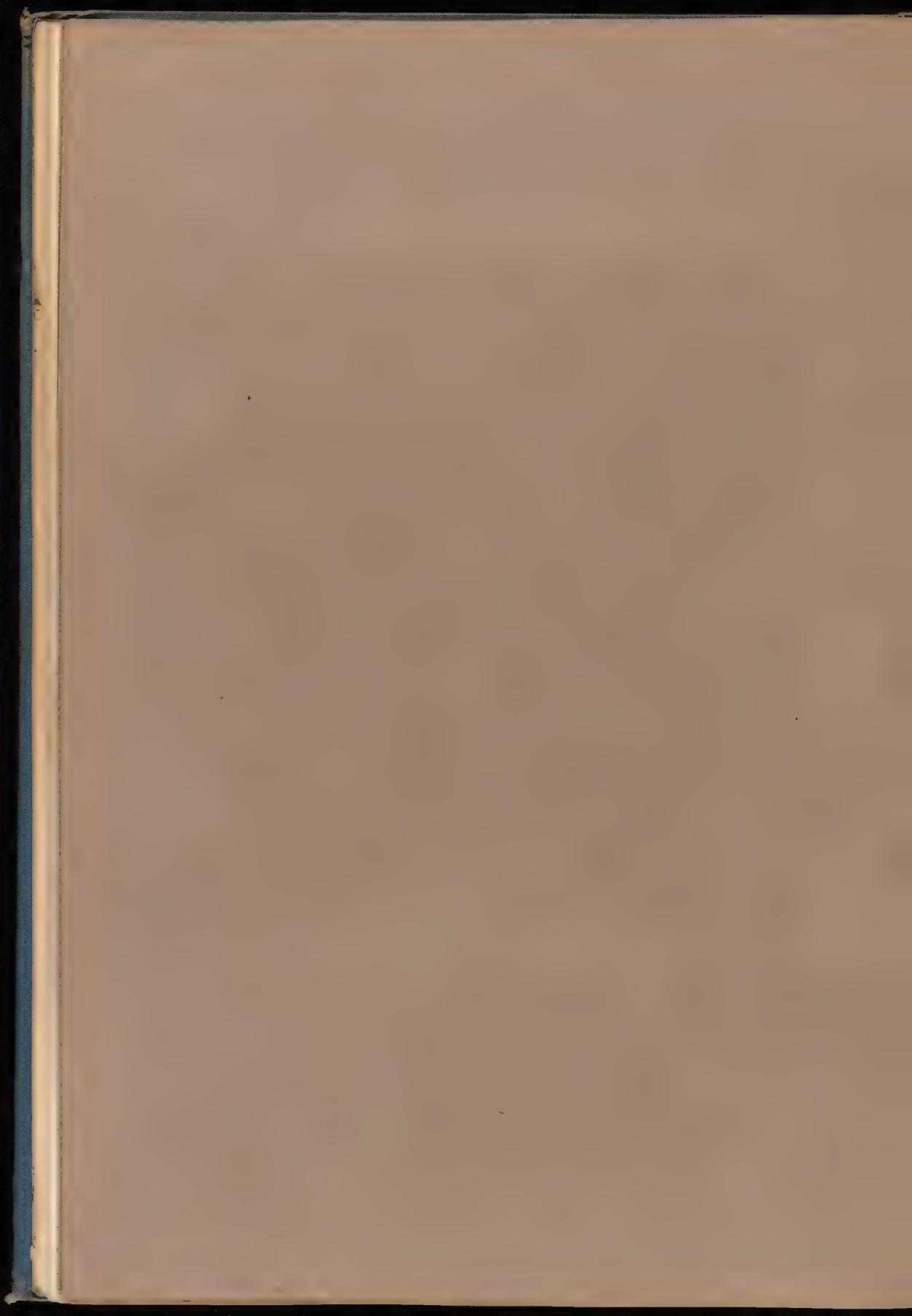


AFTER AN ORIGINAL OIL-PAINTING IN THE LOUVRE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS NEUDEIN, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MONSIEUR BERTIN

Painted in 1832



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867



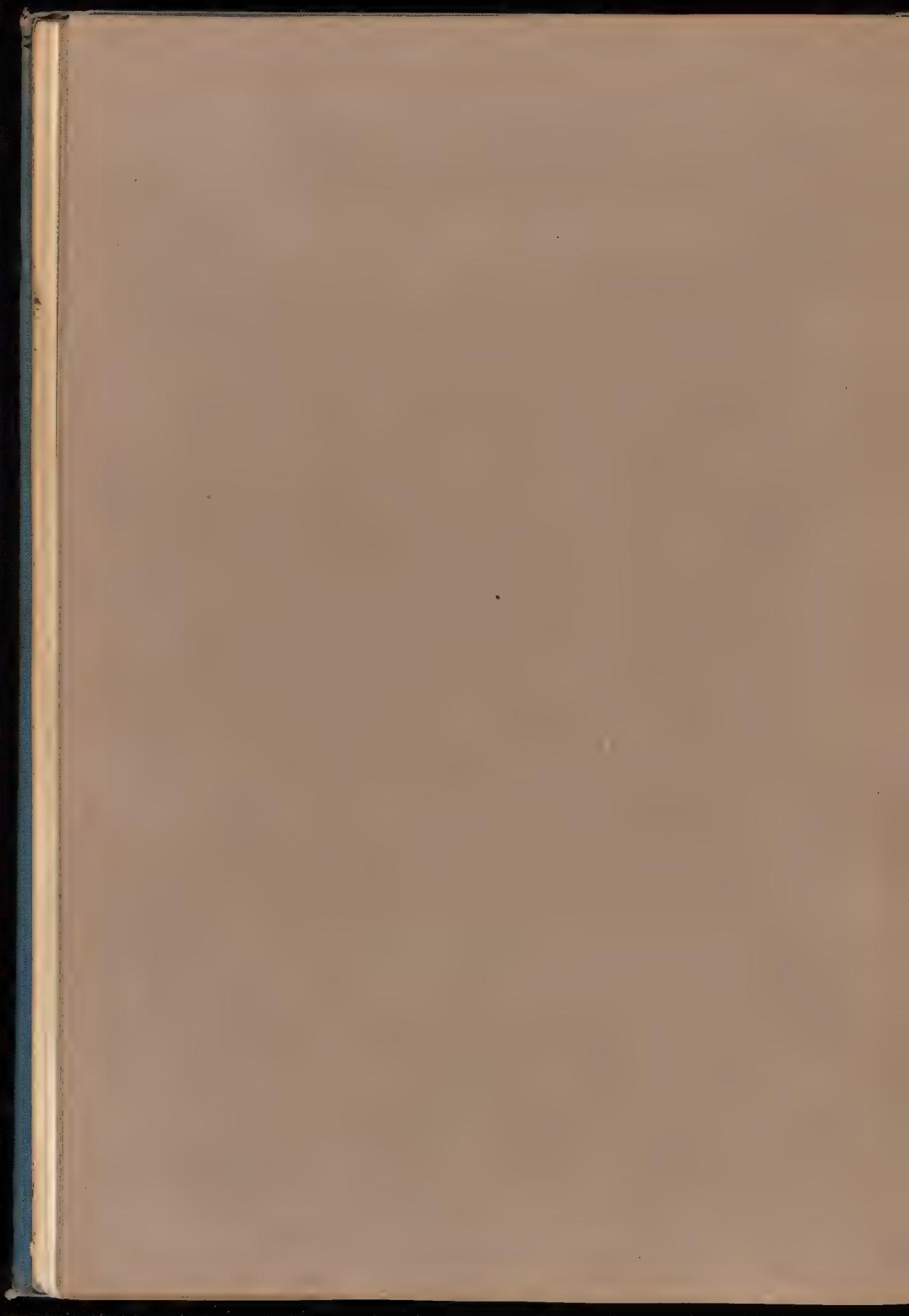
AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE LOUVRE

THE FORESTIER FAMILY

Dated 1806

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., PARIS

PLATE 10



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF MONSIEUR LÉON BONNAT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MONSIEUR A. GIRADDON, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF M. CHARLES THÉVIÑIN, PAINTER

Director of the Académie de France in Rome

Dated 1816

PLATE II



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES
Born 1780 Died 1867

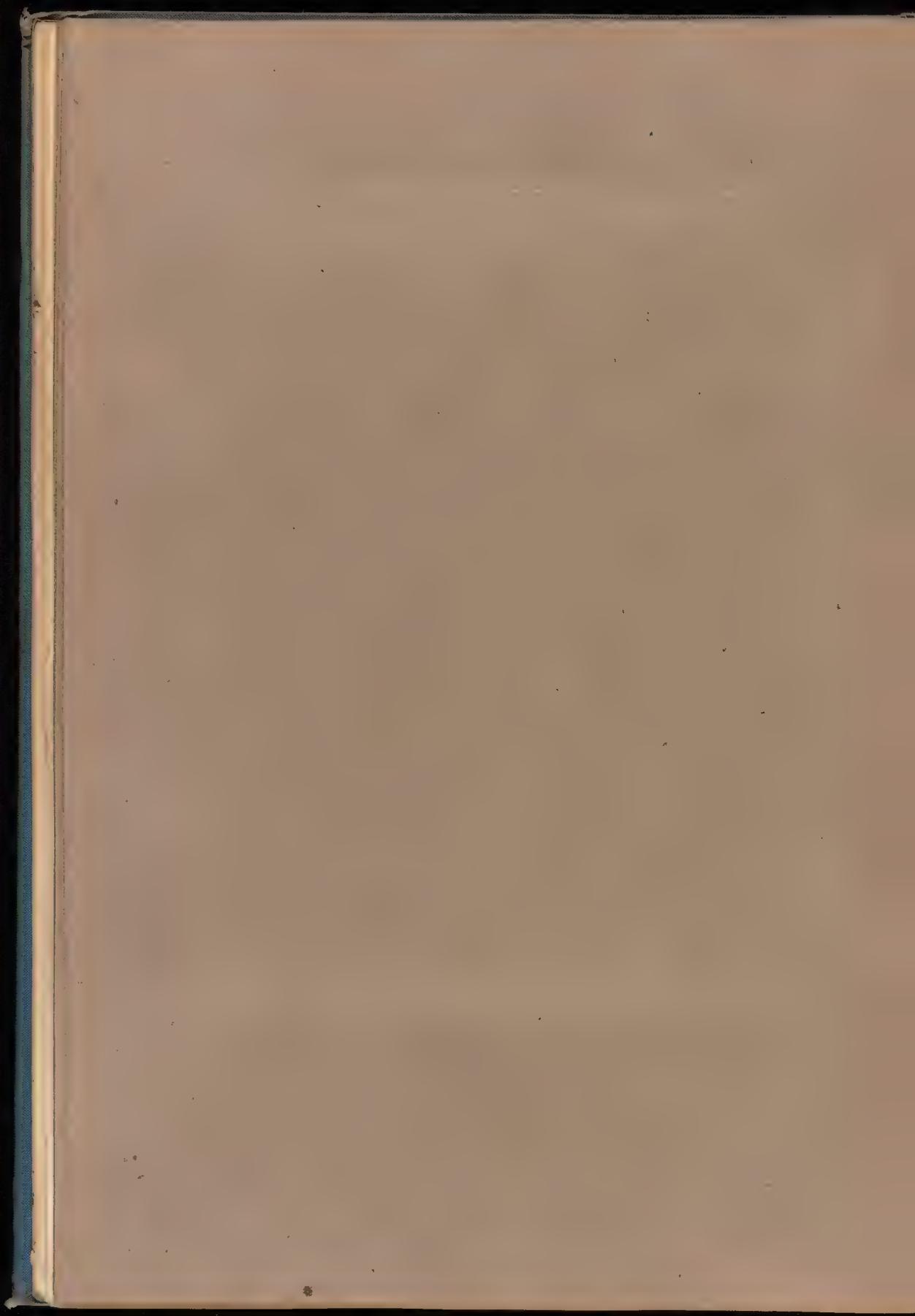


AFTER AN ORIGINAL PENCIL DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF COMTE DULONG DE ROSNAY FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. BULLOZ, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF GENERAL DULONG DE ROSNAY (1780-1828)

Dated 1818

PLATE 12



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780 Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE BONNAT COLLECTION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., PARIS

PORTRAIT OF NICOLO PAGANINI

Dated 1819

PLATE 13

2007.07.25

2007.07.25

2007.07.25

25

JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES
Born 1780

Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE BONNAT COLLECTION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MONSIEUR A. GIRAUDON, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MONSIEUR J. B. CICÉRON LÉSUEUR, ARCHITECT

Dated 1820

PLATE 14



Born 1780

JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE BONNAT COLLECTION

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MADAME LEBLANC

Dated 1822

PLATE 15



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE BONNAT COLLECTION

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO. PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MONSIEUR LEBLANC

Dated 1823

PLATE 16

卷之三

卷之三

Born 1780

JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Died 1867

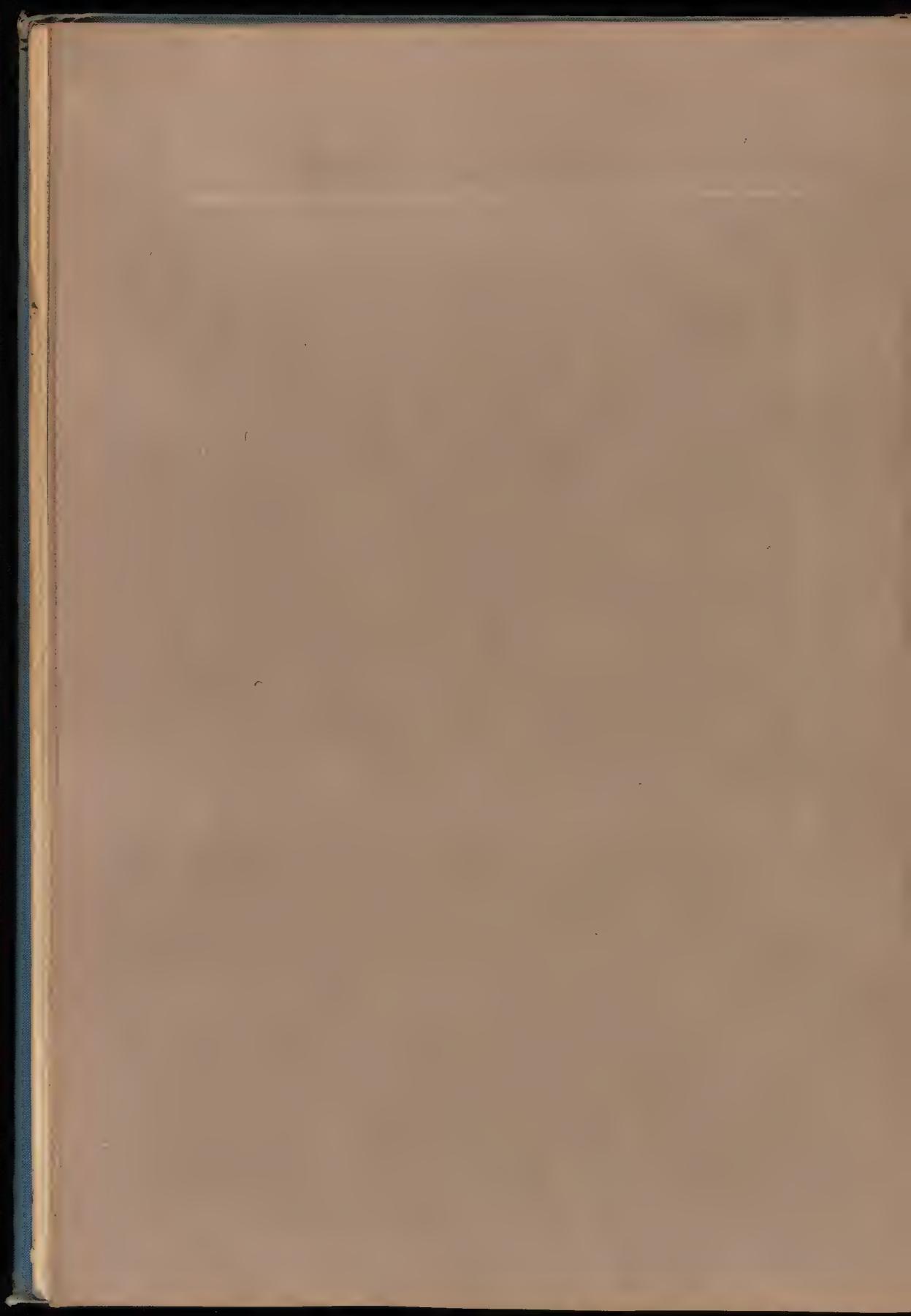


AFTER A PENCIL DRAWING

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GIRAUDON, PARIS

GIRLS DANCING AROUND A FIRE

After a Design by Bouchardon, 1698-1762



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF MADAME JOSEPH MARCOTTE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. BULLOZ.
ÉDITEUR, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MADAME DUCLÔS-MARCOTTE (AGED 84)

Dated 1825

PLATE 18



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE LOUVRE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GIRAUDON, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MADAME GATTEAUX

Dated 1825

PLATE 19



Born 1780

JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF M. RAYMOND BALZE FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GIRAUDON, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MADAME HINARD

Dated 1828

PLATE 20

1872

1872

1872

Born 1780

JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF M^{me} LOUIS VIOLETT-LE-DUC FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. BULLOZ, ÉDITEUR, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MADAME VIOLETT-LE-DUC



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE LOUVRE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO

DOCTOR LAZZERINI AND HIS FAMILY

Dated 1833

PLATE 22



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF MADAME A LEGENTIL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. BULLOZ, ÉDITEUR, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MADAME ALEXANDRE LEGENTIL

Dated 1846

PLATE 23



JEAN DOMINIQUE INGRES

Born 1780

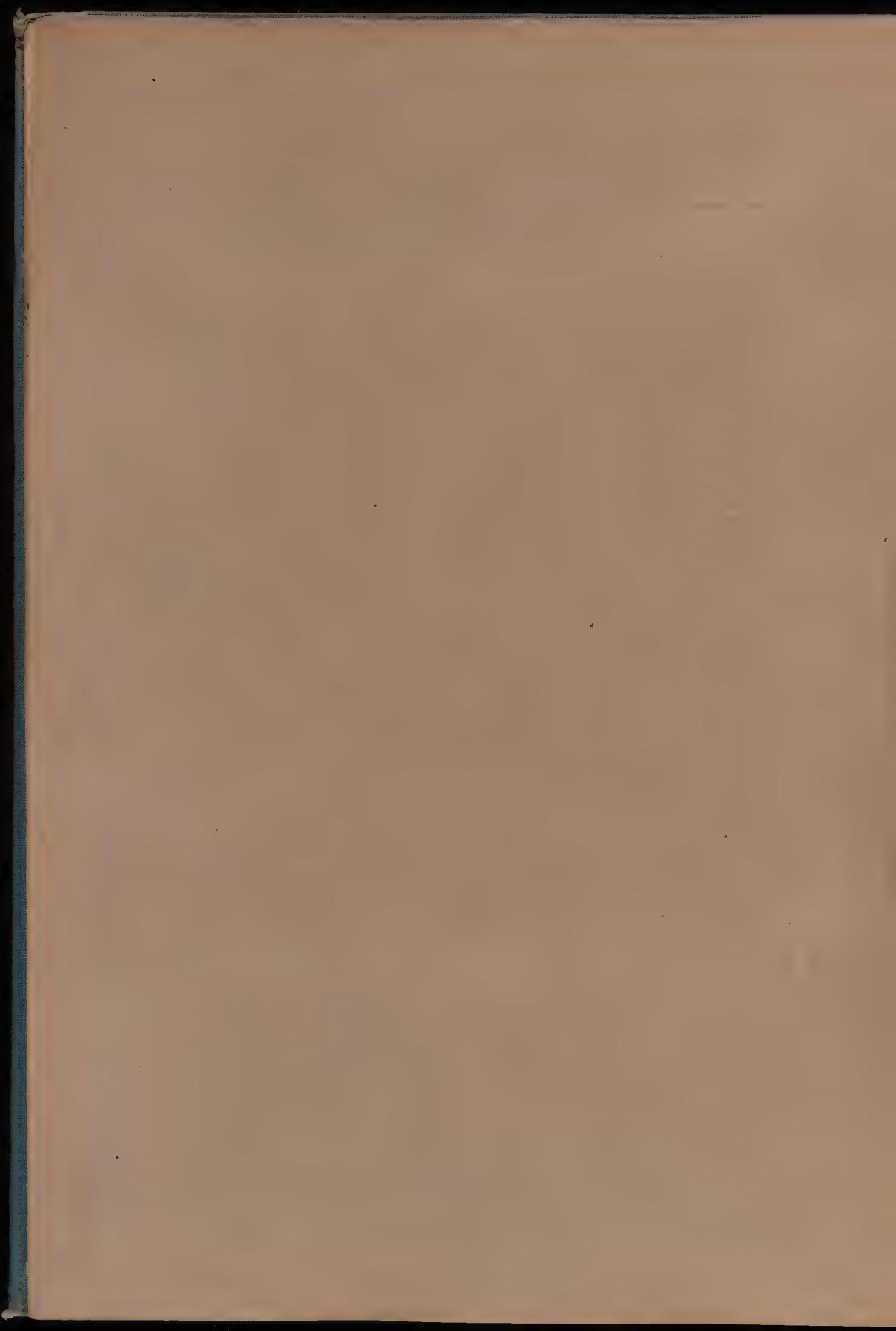
Died 1867



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF MME. JOSEPH MARCOTTE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. BULLOZ, ÉDITEUR, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MONSIEUR JOSEPH MARCOTTE

Dated 1849



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